

2-TON TONY WANTS TO GO OUT...

PROG 440
19 OCT 85

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

\$1.80 Malaysia
70p Australia
70p New Zealand
80p Mercury
250g France
80p West Germany
110g Sweden
3g West Germany
420g

24p
EARTH
MONEY

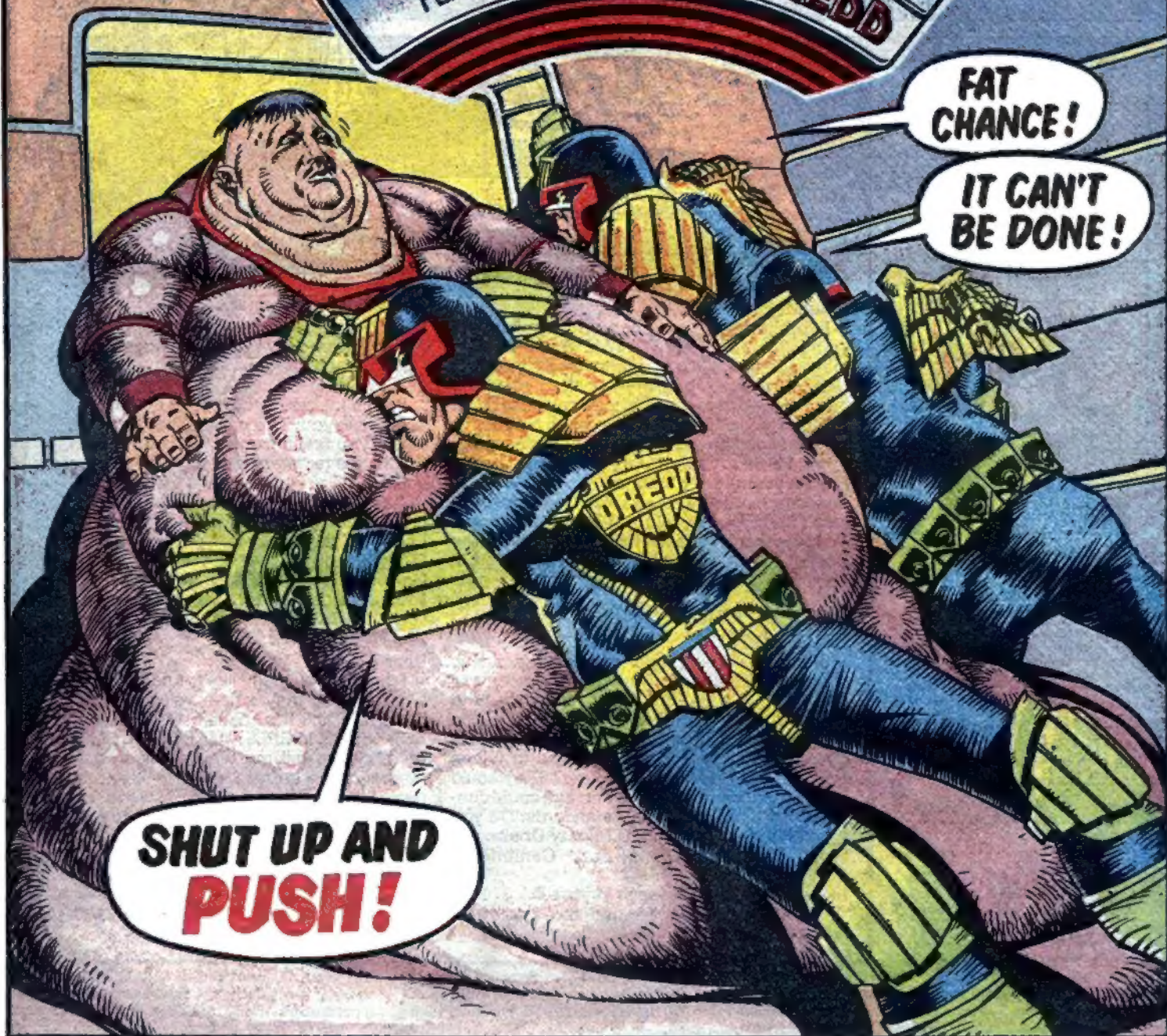
2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

FAT
CHANCE!

IT CAN'T
BE DONE!

SHUT UP AND
PUSH!



NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

I have some good news, some zarjaz news, some scrotnig news, and some ghafflelette news. First, the good news: this prog contains no less than 5 thrill-powered stories, each one guaranteed to throw your circuits into overdrive! Next, the zarjaz news: my cosmic comic will soon be celebrating the return of *Rogue Trooper* and *Strontium Dog*! Now, the scrotnig news: before you've even had time to adjust to Johnny and the G.I., *Slaine* will return in a brand new comic art form never before seen in this universe! Lastly, the ghafflelette news: within a few weeks of all the above, my new extra-length *Halo Jones Book 3* will burst onto these powerful pages! 2000 AD - all the news that's fit to thrill! SPLUDG! VUR THIRGG!

Drawn by Earthlet David James.
Braunton, Devon.
£10 Winner.



THARG

JUDGE STOGIE

Drawn by Earthlette Paula Wytan, Sunderland. £10 Winner.



NOT A SCI-FI IN SIGHT!

Dear Mighty One,

I've checked every shop which might sell your 2000 AD SCI-FI SPECIAL '85 - I've even looked beside all the computer magazines (see Nerve Centre, Prog 429) - but alas I've had no luck at all. Please tell me where I can get a copy. All I can say is that High Wycombe must have been invaded by a new species of thrill-sucker! From Earthlet Simon Johnson, thrill-sucked High Wycombe. £5 Winner.

For once, the thrill-suckers are not to blame - this year's Special simply sold out like hot plastic cups. Your best bet is to contact a thrill-merchant who stocks back progs, and hope he still has a copy in his vaults.

NO SOONER SAID...

Dear Tharg,

The reason why I write this poem is to find a back prog shop, 'Cos I've lost Progs 420 and 422, Which makes my collection a flop. So I ask you, Tharg, as fast as you can, Will you find me one in Belfast? 'Cos the temptation to spend all of my creds is not helping my savings to last!

As you can see, Tharg, I am desperately looking for a 2000 AD back prog shop in Belfast. Can you help? From Earthlet Tony Mulholland, Dunmurry, Northern Ireland. £5 Winner. Read on, duff Terran...

...THAN DONE

Dear Tharg,

I thought you might like to know that there's a zarjaz shop in Northern Ireland which sells back progs. It's called HARRY HALL'S BOOKSHOP, in GRESHAM STREET, BELFAST. Also, please tell me which progs contain a *Rogue Trooper* story featuring military robots - one of them being called "Robspierre". I have somehow lost these and would like to get them again.

From Earthlet With No Name, Co. Antrim. £5 Winner.

The G.I. classic you seek is called "Fort Neuro", and is programmed in Progs 291-310. Thank you for the thrill-merchant's address.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.
2.
3.

I Dislike:

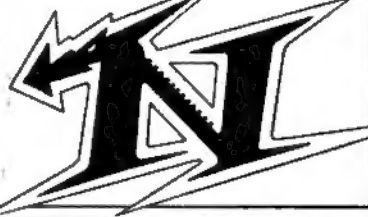
My Age is: 440

BINDERS/KEEPERS

Dear noble Tharg,

I keep my progs under my bed in a plastic bag, and my friends do likewise, but it seems to me that this is not sufficient reverence with which to treat such works of art. Would it be possible for you to provide, at a suitable charge, officially approved binders in which our precious progs could be kept? They could be adorned with zarjaz artwork, and could conform to all galactic quality standards. Do you think this is a good idea, O Mighty One? From Earthlette Diana Bull, Cambridge. £5 Winner.

Indeed I do - and if enough Squaxx dek Thargo show interest in your suggestion, then I shall look into it in great detail.



NEMESIS

THE WARLOCK

BOOK FIVE

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT
BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73e

TORQUEMADA'S WIDOW,
A CANDIDA, HAS JUST
BEEN TOLD THAT HER
CHILDREN - BARBAROSSA
AND PANDORA - HAVE
BEEN KILLED IN A
MOTORWAY ACCIDENT...
AND THAT NEMESIS WAS
THE DRIVER RESPONSIBLE...

AFTER GRAND
DRAGON MAZARIN
HAD LEFT...

NEMESIS!
HOW I HATE THAT
ALIEN!

THE WARLOCK HAD DESTROYED HER
HUSBAND... AND NOW HER CHILDREN.

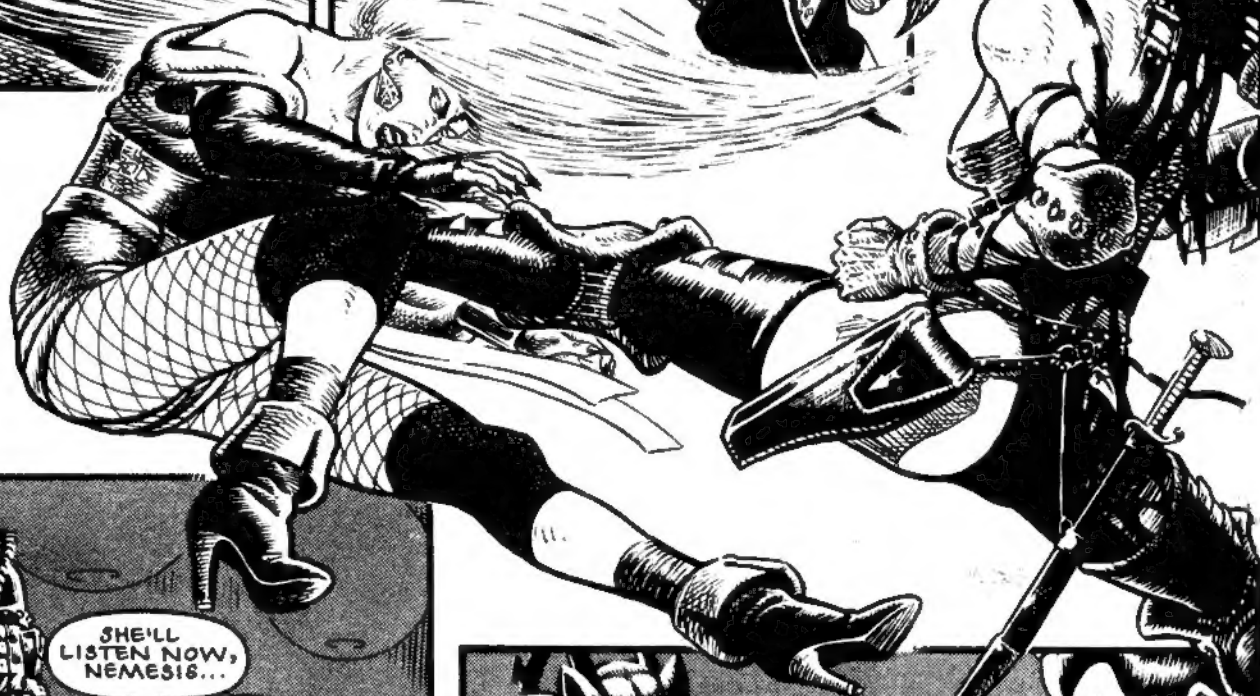
HER FAMILY WERE
POOR, AND HAD
JUST MOVED INTO
A ONE ROOM FLAT
IN A BRAND NEW
HOUSING ESTATE
DESIGNED BY THE
GRAND MASTER...

SHE THOUGHT BACK TO
HOW IT ALL BEGAN... HOW
SHE'D FIRST MET
TORQUEMADA...

IN THE OLDEN DAYS,
PEOPLE ONLY LIVED ON THE
GROUND. NOW, THANKS TO
MAGNETIC SUCTION, YOU
CAN LIVE ON THE WALLS AND
CEILING AS WELL, YOU
LUCKY PROLES!







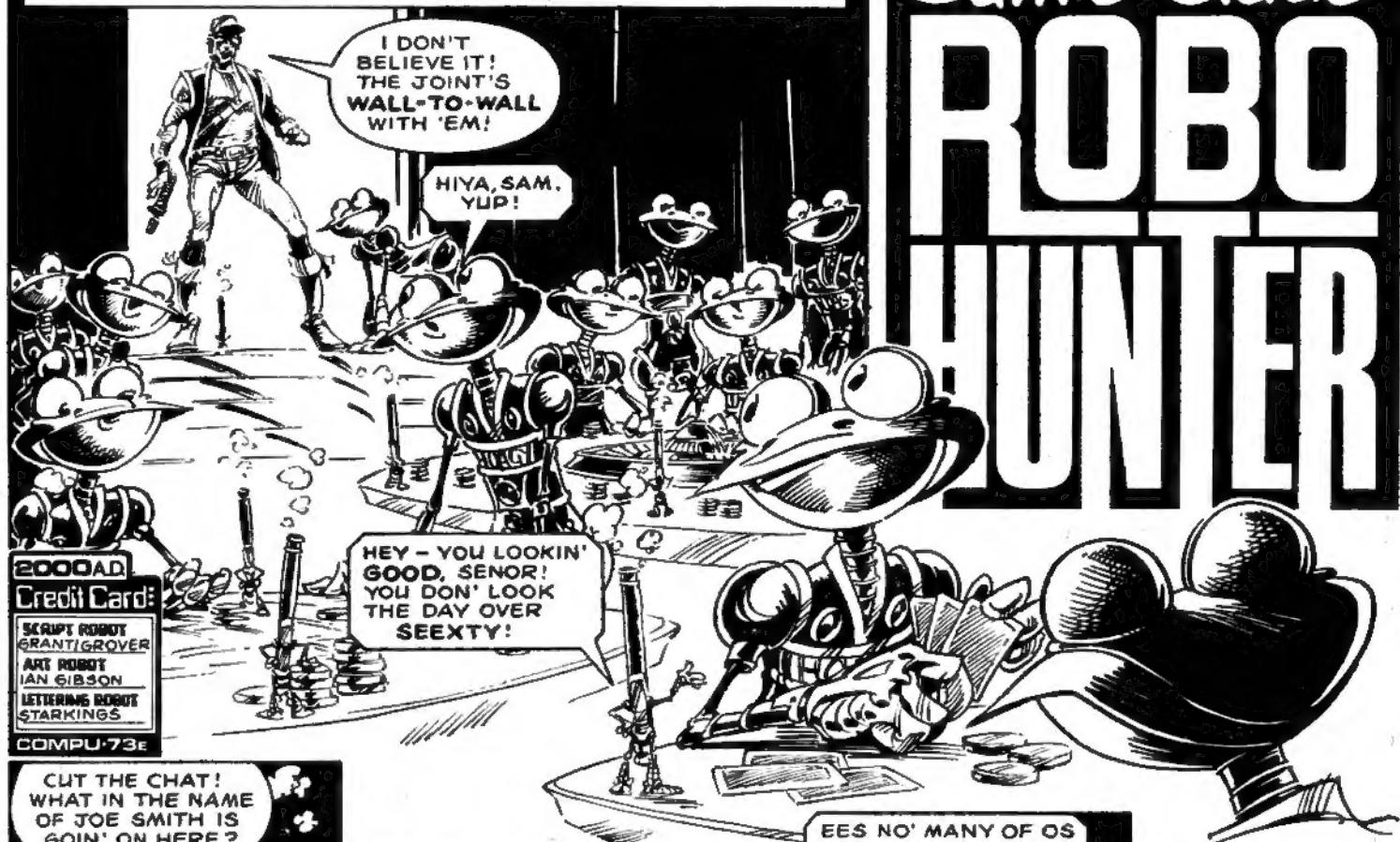




NEXT
PROG. **THE
UNHOLY
ALLIANCE!**



MY TWO IDIOT ASSISTANTS HAD GONE ON THE LAM - WITH MY 27 BILLION CREDITS! I TRACKED 'EM DOWN TO THE GAMBLERS' PARADISE, SIN CITY - ONLY I FOUND A DARN SIGHT MORE OF THEM THAN I BARGAINED FOR!



2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANTIGROVER
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STARKINGS

COMPU-73e



Sam C Slade ROBO HUNTER









FREAK-OUT!

YOUR ANNUAL TREAT!

Fleetway Annuals are famous at this time of year — they're a 'must' for every boy and girl at Christmas time. There is a title to suit every taste, whatever your age. On sale NOW!

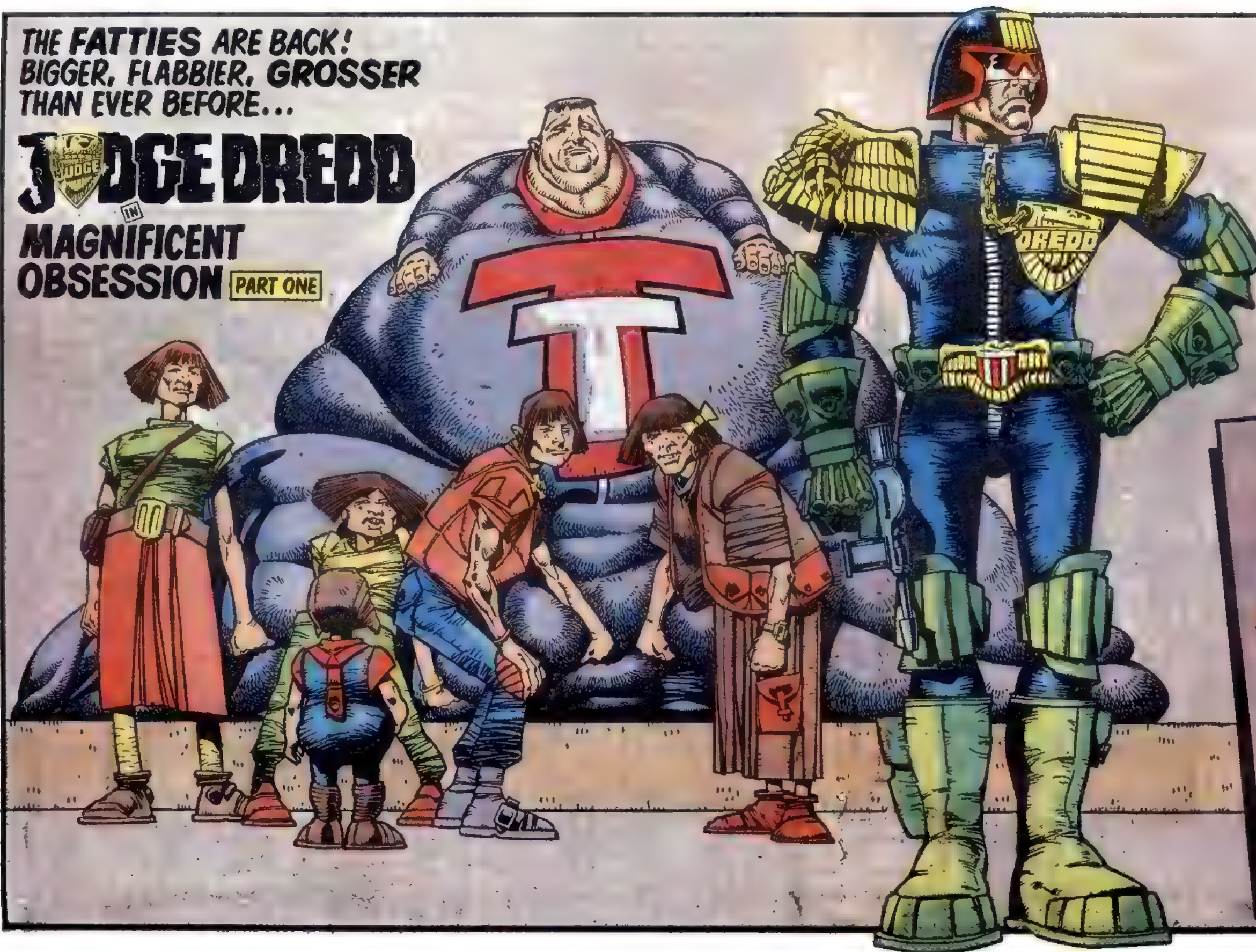


SOME OF THE FLEETWAY ANNUALS 1986 * SEE YOUR NEWSAGENT NOW!

THE FATTIES ARE BACK!
BIGGER, FLABBIER, GROSSER
THAN EVER BEFORE...

JUDGE DREDD

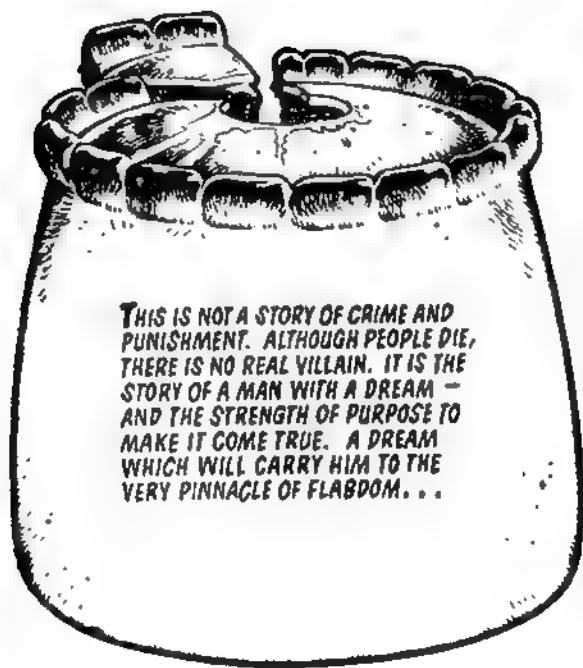
MAGNIFICENT
OBSESSION **PART ONE**



CO-STARRING
**TWO TON
TONY TUBBS**
THE FATTEST MAN
EVER TO STALK
THE EARTH!
AND FEATURING THE
LONG-SUFFERING
TUBBS FAMILY.

SPECIAL GUEST STAR
COUSIN LANCE





THIS IS NOT A STORY OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. ALTHOUGH PEOPLE DIE, THERE IS NO REAL VILLAIN. IT IS THE STORY OF A MAN WITH A DREAM — AND THE STRENGTH OF PURPOSE TO MAKE IT COME TRUE. A DREAM WHICH WILL CARRY HIM TO THE VERY PINNACLE OF FLABDOM. . .

OUR STORY BEGINS AT MEGA-CITY ONE'S SEGREGATION BLOCKS FOR THE EXCESSIVELY FAT, WHERE CITIZENS OVER 300 KILOS ARE KEPT CONFINED BY JUDICIAL ORDER —

BRING THOSE FENCES DOWN!



THE FOOD SHORTAGE IS OVER. THE SEG BLOCKS ARE CLOSING DOWN. THE FATTIES ARE RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES.



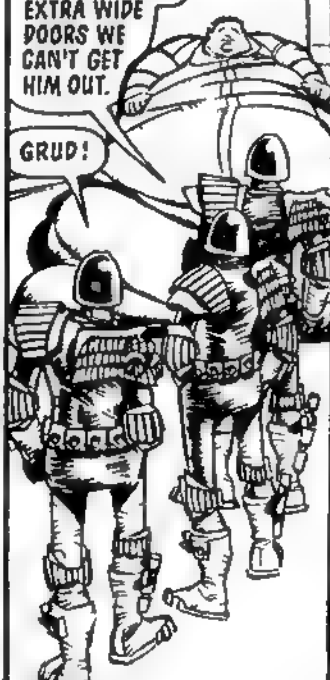
SPERRY TO DREDD. GOT A PROBLEM IN BUNTER, APARTMENT 3008. CITIZEN STUCK.

ON MY WAY!

IN WM. BUNTER BLOCK —

EVEN WITH THE EXTRA WIDE DOORS WE CAN'T GET HIM OUT.

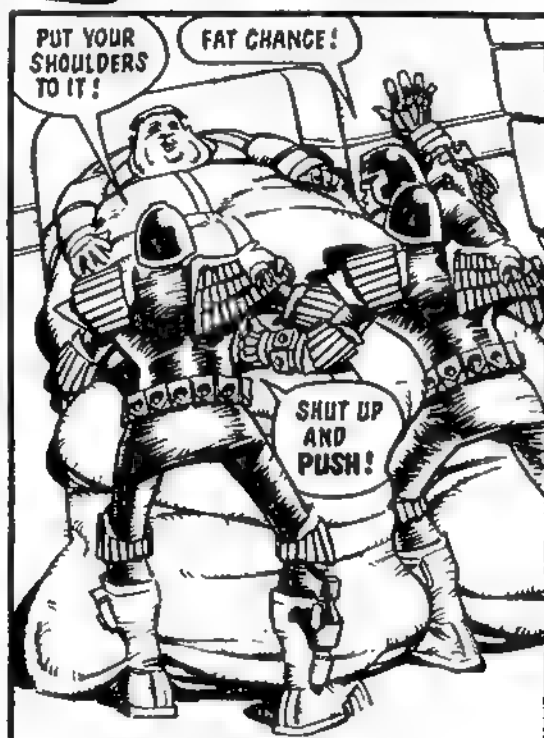
GRUD!

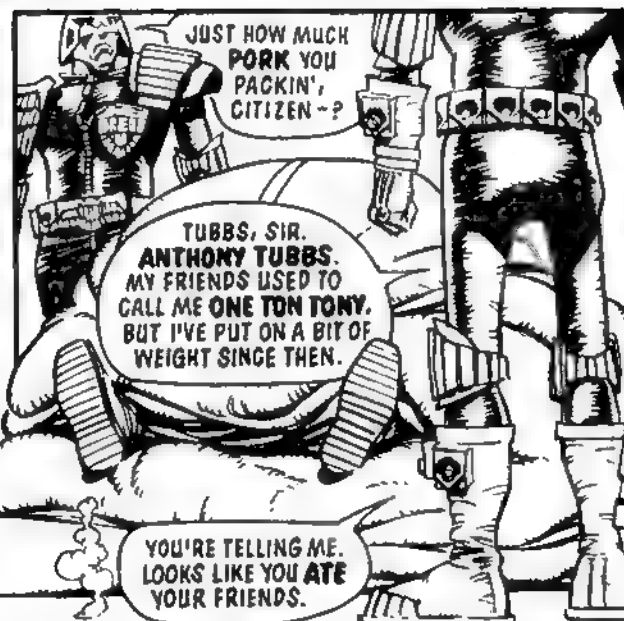


PUT YOUR SHOULDERS TO IT!

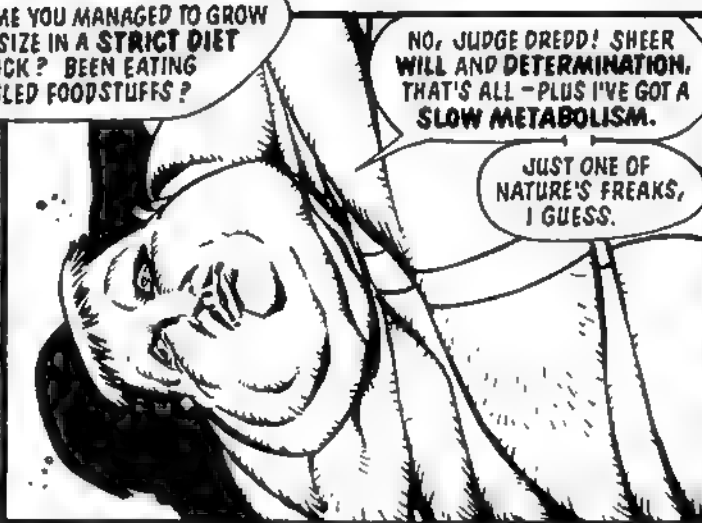
FAT CHANCE!

SHUT UP AND PUSH!





HOW COME YOU MANAGED TO GROW TO THIS SIZE IN A STRICT DIET SEG BLOCK? BEEN EATING SMUGGLED FOODSTUFFS?



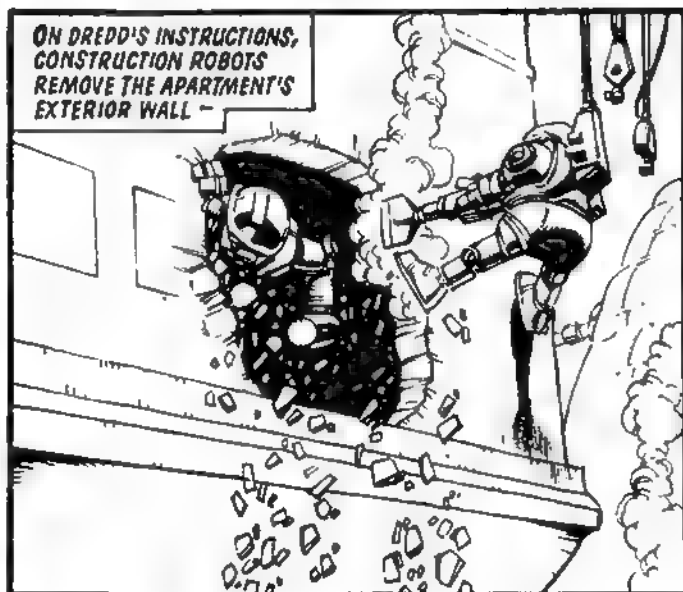
NO, JUDGE DREDD! SHEER WILL AND DETERMINATION. THAT'S ALL - PLUS I'VE GOT A SLOW METABOLISM.

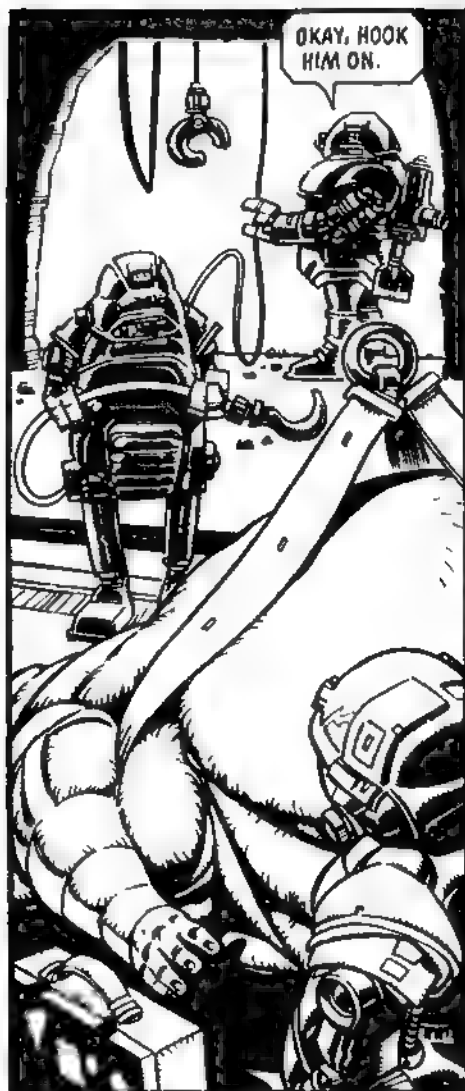
JUST ONE OF NATURE'S FREAKS, I GUESS.



LIE DETECTOR CHECKS OUT.

THAT'S SOME WILL POWER.



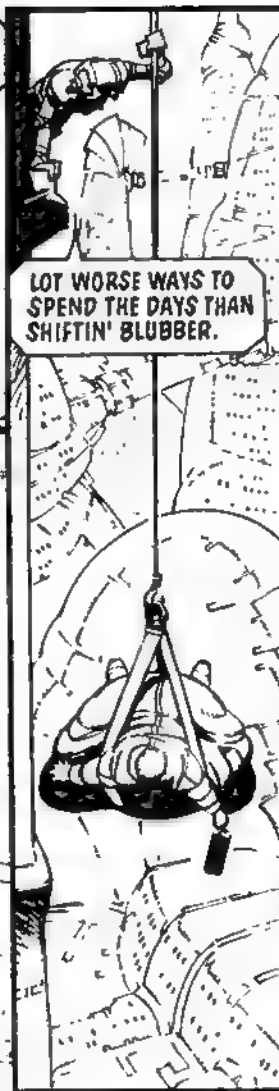


OKAY, HOOK HIM ON.

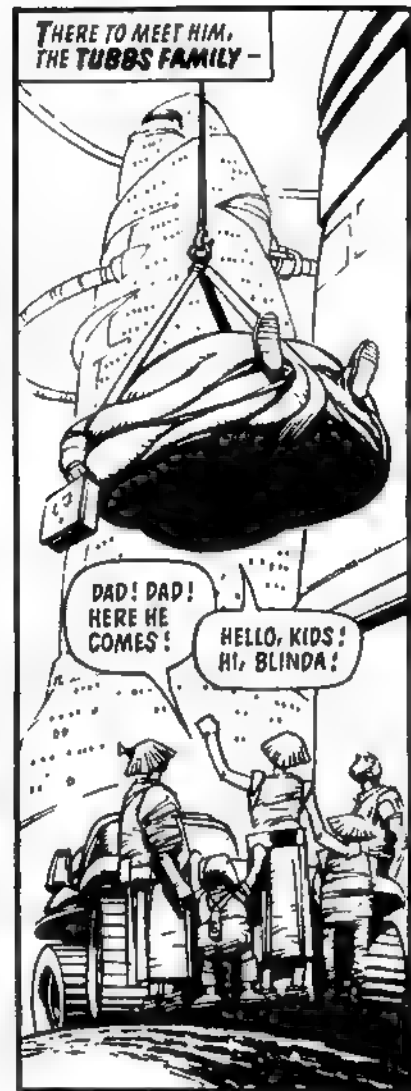


VERY SORRY TO PUT YOU TO ALL THIS TROUBLE.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, FATSO.



LOT WORSE WAYS TO SPEND THE DAYS THAN SHIFTIN' BLUBBER.



THERE TO MEET HIM, THE TUBBS FAMILY -

DAD! DAD! HERE HE COMES!

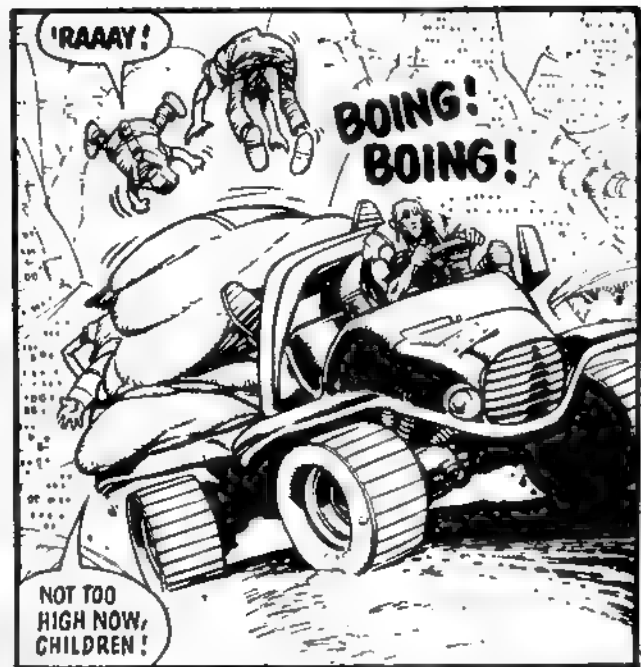
HELLO, KIDS! HI, BLINDA!



IT'S GREAT TO HAVE YOU BACK, DARLING! WE'VE MISSED YOU!

CAN WE HAVE A BOUNCE, DAD? HUH, DAD? HUH?

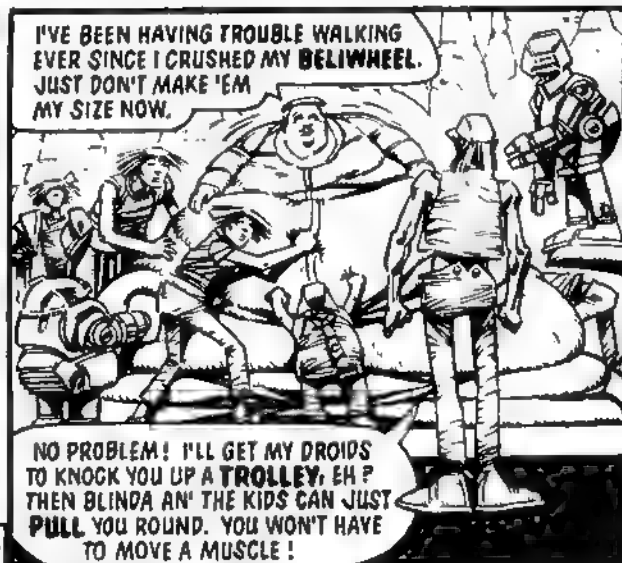
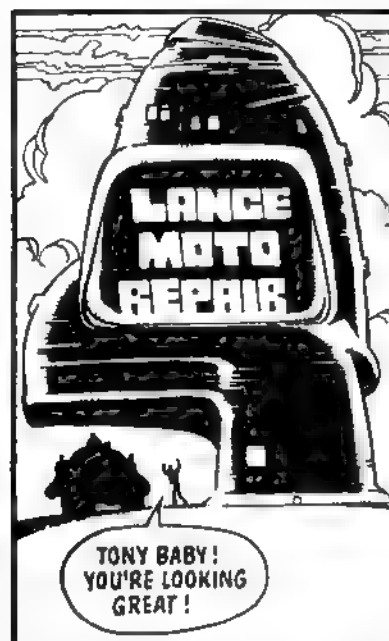
WELL, JUST A QUICK ONE...

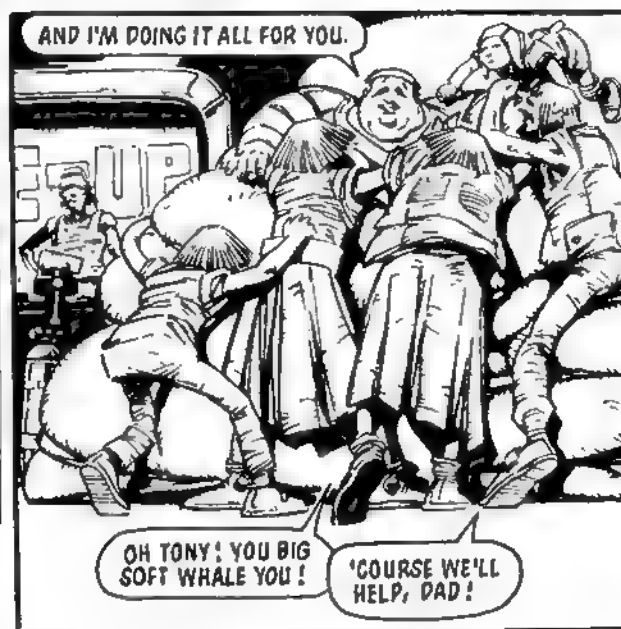
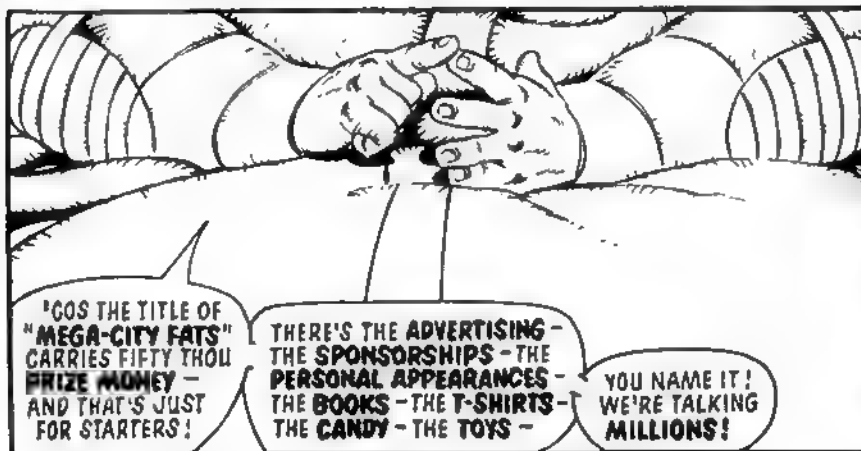


'RAAAY!

BOING! BOING!

NOT TOO HIGH NOW, CHILDREN!







THARG'S
FUTURE-

SHOCKS

**PRISONER
OF
CONSCIENCE!**

A SIREN WAILS ON PRISON PLANET ALPHA 3... WHERE LONG-TERM CONVICT EDDIE "HARDMAN" VICAR IS MAKING A DASH FOR FREEDOM...

STROKE OF LUCK, THAT METEOR SHOWER BUSTING THE MAIN WALL...

AWOOOOO
0000

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT: ROBERT
MILLIGAN
ART: TIMOTHY
KITSON
LETTERING: ROBERT
ROBSON
COMPU-73c

AN' NOW THAT SHIP'S JUST BEGGING TO BE STOLEN!

MEET YOUR NEW PILOT, PAL!

AAH!

WHOLE STAR-SYSTEM'LL BE CRAWLING WITH POLICE-SHIPS SOON.

I'D BETTER FIND A QUIET PLANET AND LIE LOW TILL THE HEAT'S OFF...

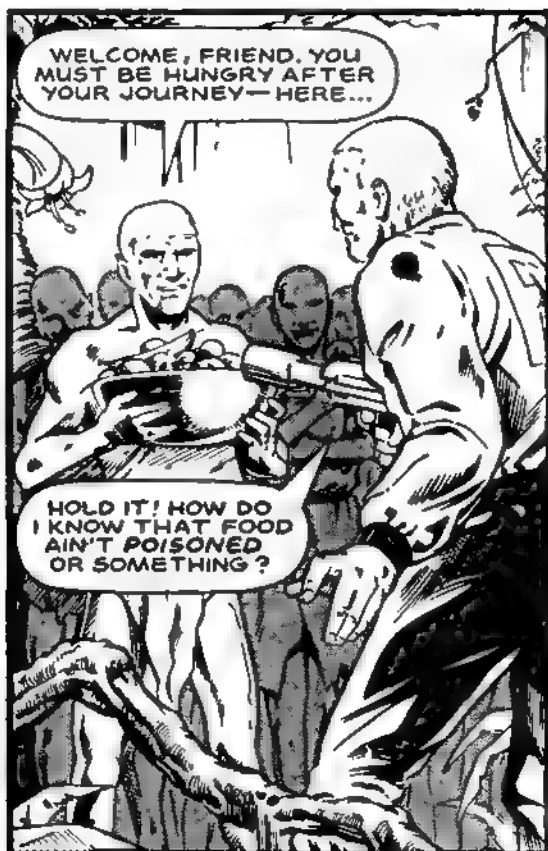
AND SOON...

HA! I'M ON A LUCKY STREAK!

THAT PLANET'S PERFECT!

PLANET UNDEVELOPED
++ ABLE TO SUPPORT HUMAN LIFE ++

DAMN! THE PLACE IS SWARMING WITH PRIMITIVES! I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL... THEY COULD BE SAVAGE...



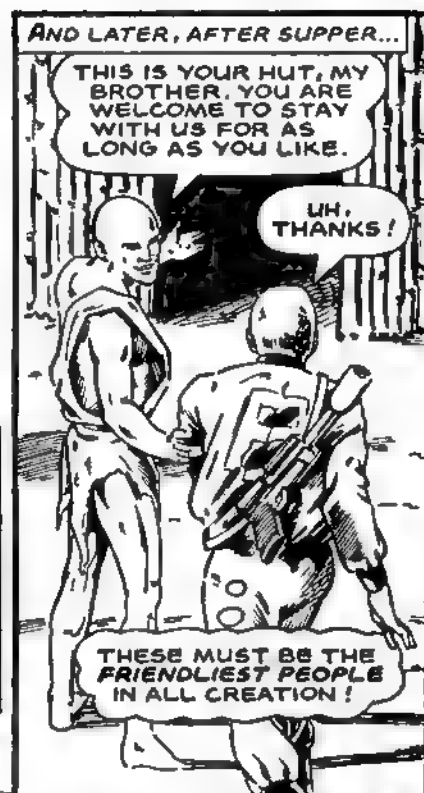
WELCOME, FRIEND. YOU MUST BE HUNGRY AFTER YOUR JOURNEY—HERE...

HOLD IT! HOW DO I KNOW THAT FOOD AIN'T POISONED OR SOMETHING?



I WILL TASTE THE FOOD FIRST, FRIEND—BUT IF YOU'D RATHER SLEEP, A HUT CAN BE PREPARED...

THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! CAN THESE GUYS BE FOR REAL?



AND LATER, AFTER SUPPER...

THIS IS YOUR HUT, MY BROTHER. YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY WITH US FOR AS LONG AS YOU LIKE.

UH, THANKS!

THESE MUST BE THE FRIENDLIEST PEOPLE IN ALL CREATION!

THE WEEKS FLY PAST... WEEKS IN WHICH EDDIE "HARDMAN" VICAR, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS BRUTAL LIFE, IS MADE TO FEEL WANTED...



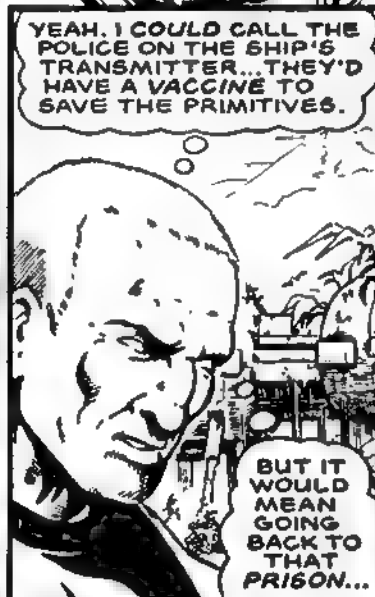
Y'KNOW, I NEVER HAD A REAL FAMILY OR NOTHING... GUESS YOU GUYS ARE THE CLOSEST I'LL EVER GET TO ONE.

BUT ONE MORNING A DREADFUL PLAGUE STRIKES THE PRIMITIVES... FLU!



MUST HAVE CAUGHT IT OFF OF ME! THEIR BODIES HAVE NO IMMUNITY TO IT... THIS COULD WIPE THEM ALL OUT!

PLEASE, BROTHER! HELP US! CAN YOUR FRIENDS FROM THE SKY CURE US?



YEAH. I COULD CALL THE POLICE ON THE SHIP'S TRANSMITTER... THEY'D HAVE A VACCINE TO SAVE THE PRIMITIVES.

BUT IT WOULD MEAN GOING BACK TO THAT PRISON...



FORGET IT! IF YOU WEREN'T SO SOFT YOU'D TURN ME OVER AND SAVE YOURSELVES...

AND ONLY THE HARD AND THE RUTHLESS DESERVE TO SURVIVE!



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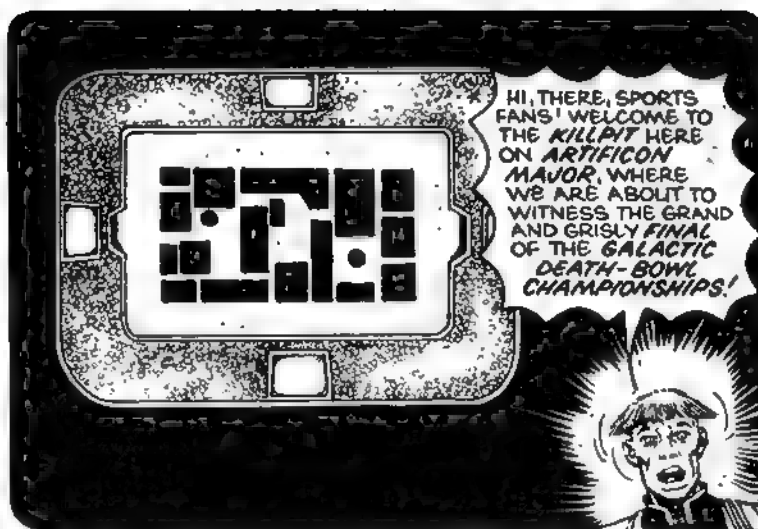


TSR UK Limited
The Mill
Rathmore Road
CAMBRIDGE CB1 4AD



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MEAN MEAN



THAT'S
BRUTAL
FOLKS!



THOSE MERCILESS MASTERS OF MAYHEM - **THE MEAN TEAM!**

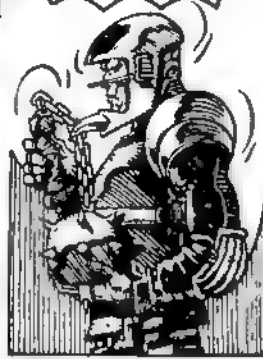
AND HERE COME THE **CHAMPIONS** FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS - BY COMMON CONSENT THE **NASTIEST** TEAM EVER TO HIT THIS OR ANY OTHER GALAXY -

THAT'S **AMOK THE BEESTER** AND FLAG-DROID **STEELGRIP** GOING THROUGH THEIR USUAL WARM-UP ROUTINE! WITH GUYS LIKE THESE FOR FRIENDS, WHO NEEDS OPPOSITION?

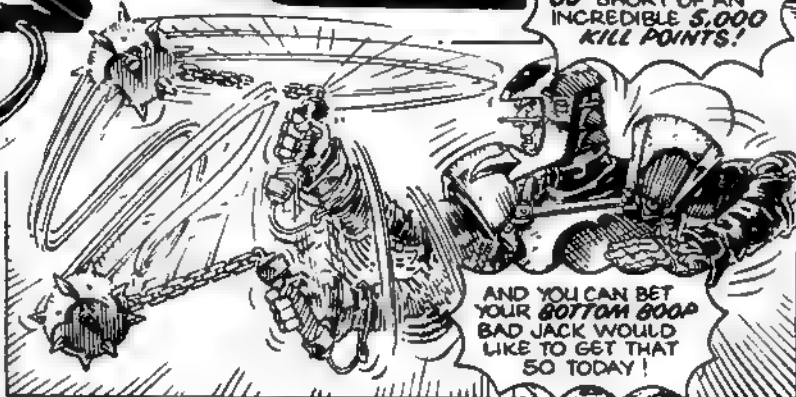
AND THERE'S THE MAN WHO IS ALREADY A LEGEND IN HIS OWN MURDEROUS LIFETIME - **BAD JACK KELLER!**

MEAN TEAM!
MEAN TEAM!
MEAN TEAM!

AS YOU ALL KNOW, TEAM SENSER **HENRY MOON** HAS RECOVERED FROM HIS RECENT **BRAIN TRANSPLANT**, AND I CAN TELL YOU - HE IS PLAYING!



TOP OF THE KILL/MAIM TABLES THIS YEAR AND EVERY YEAR - ONLY 50 SHORT OF AN INCREDIBLE **5,000 KILL POINTS!**



AND YOU CAN BET YOUR **BOTTOM 600P** **BAD JACK** WOULD LIKE TO GET THAT **50** TODAY!

FOR BAD JACK KELLER, THIS IS THE CULMINATION OF 15 YEARS IN THE KILLPIT EVERY BLOW HE HAS STRUCK— EVERY DROP OF BLOOD HE HAS SPILLED— HAS BEEN DEDICATED TO THIS ONE MOMENT, TO THIS ONE GAME.



TODAY, HE WOULD ACHIEVE A GOAL NO OTHER PLAYER HAD EVER COME CLOSE TO— ONE THAT MEANT MORE TO HIM THAN ANY OF THE TRILLIONS WATCHING COULD EVER IMAGINE!



THE GAME BEGINS—

YOU KNOW THE GAME PLAN— GET LOST!



CAPTAIN— ARE YOU READY?

READY!



OKAY, MOON— LET'S FIND THOSE DRAGONS!



THIS IS INCREDIBLE! THIS IS LUNACY!

BAD JACK KELLER HAS SET A FIVE-MAN DEFENCE! THAT LEAVES ONLY HIM AND HENRY MOON TO ATTACK THE ENTIRE DRAGON TEAM!

THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE REASON FOR THIS— BAD JACK'S GOING FOR THE 50 POINTS HE NEEDS! BUT TO GET THEM, HE'LL HAVE TO PERSONALLY SLAY AT LEAST FIVE OF THOSE BLACK SWAMP BABIES IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT!



RICHMAN VON, MEAN TEAM OWNER—



YOU MANIAC, KELLER! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

JUST ONE MAN—AND A CAT
WITH A MAN'S BRAIN. BUT
THEY WERE TOO MUCH FOR
THE BLACK SWAMP DRAGONS—



FOR THE DRAGONS FOUGHT ONLY TO REMAIN
SLAVES—WHILE BAD JACK FOUGHT FOR
SOMETHING FAR MORE IMPORTANT—

BAD JACK! BAD JACK!



HENRY MOON—HIS
PSI-SENSES
SHARPENED BY THE
PANTHER'S OWN
FERAL INSTINCTS—
LED HIM
UNNERRINGLY TO
THEIR QUARRY—

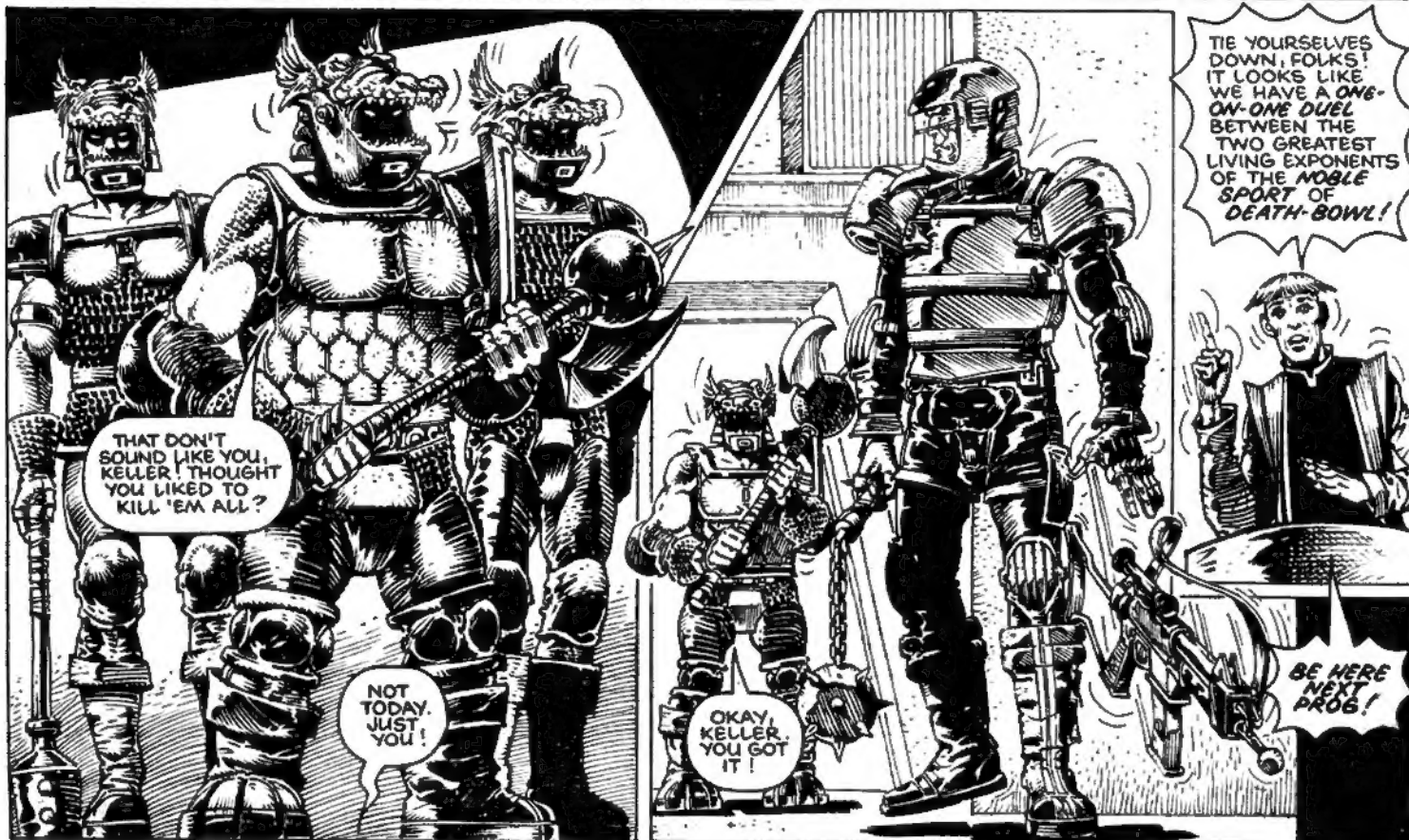
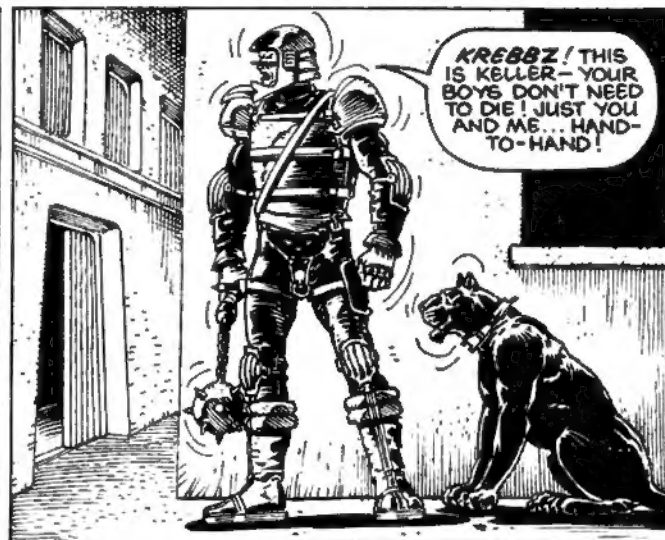


TWO
COMING
UP THE
ALLEY!

BACK OFF, MOON!



AND IN ADDITION, MOON HAD DISCOVERED
SOMETHING ELSE—A NEW FURY—A LUST
FOR THE KILL HE HAD NEVER FELT AS A
MAN—





HE IS THE LAW!



Judge Dredd Book 6 features seven classic Dredd stories written by John Wagner and Alan Grant, with art by Ron Smith. There are blood-sucking hounds from hell in *Rabbit*; a weird face and identity-erasing fashion in *Slobs*; judge impersonators in *Jirap*; human organ trafficking in *Shanty Town* and a disgusting new food fed in *Gunge*, plus criminals determined to trick Dredd into arresting himself in *Prazzel Logic*.
Cover by Steve Dillon.
64 pages. Softcover: £5.30 incl. P&P

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Please allow 28 days for delivery.
Eire customers please send International Banker's Draft or add £2 for bank handling charges. For our catalogue of Judge Dredd and 2000 A.D. products, send a large (5x6") self-addressed envelope plus 25p in stamps to the above address (free with orders).

SLAY 'EM AGAIN, THARG!

FROM THE 2000 AD MEMORY BANKS, THE MIGHTY THARG BRINGS YOU HIS SECOND ZARJAZ ISSUE OF THE BEST OF 2000 AD!

YOUR FAVOURITE HERDES IN HYPER-BLASTS FROM THE PAST!

JUDGE DREDD...
STRONTIUM DOG...
ROGUE TROOPER...

ON SALE NOW AT A THRILL-AGENT NEAR YOU!



THE TRANSFORMERS™

FORMERS

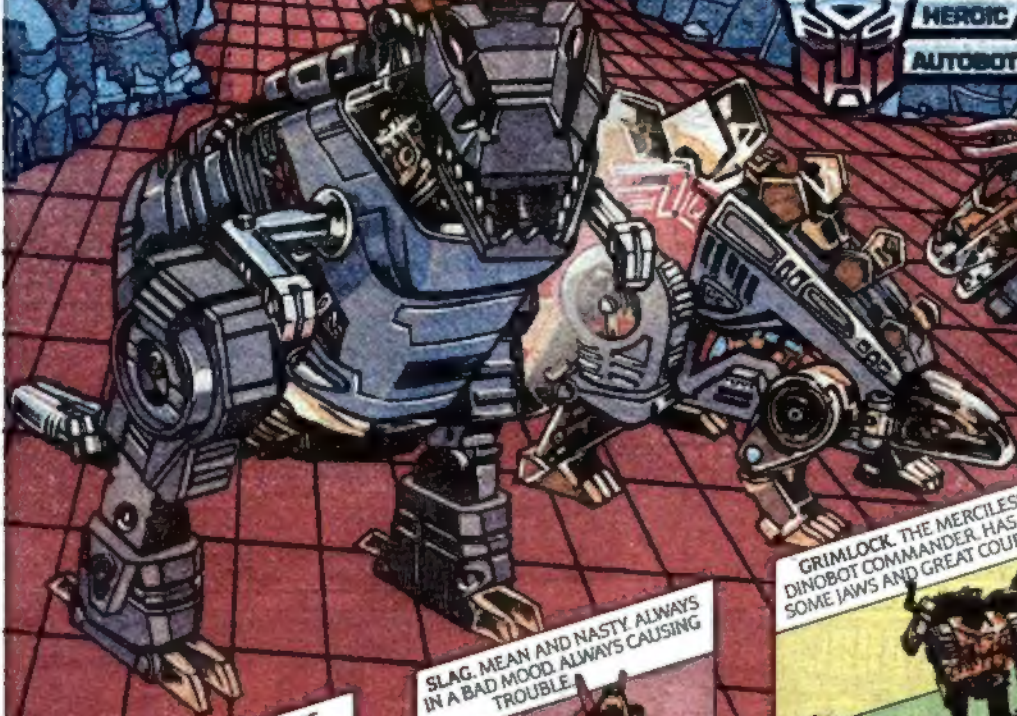
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

**NEW
DINOBOTS**

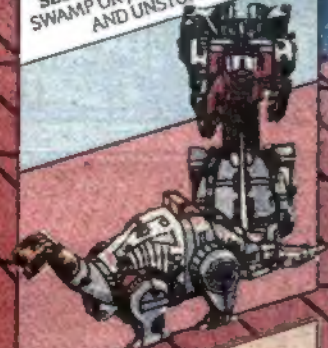


**HEROIC
AUTOBOT**

NOW, THE HEROIC AUTOBOTS HAVE CREATED THE DINOBOTS, A BRAVE, PREHISTORIC BREED. THEY MUST SAVE EARTH FROM THE EVIL DECEPTICONS!



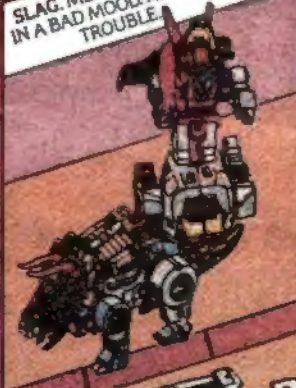
SLUDGE, FIGHTS IN WATER, SWAMP OR JUNGLE. TERRIFYING AND UNSTOPPABLE.



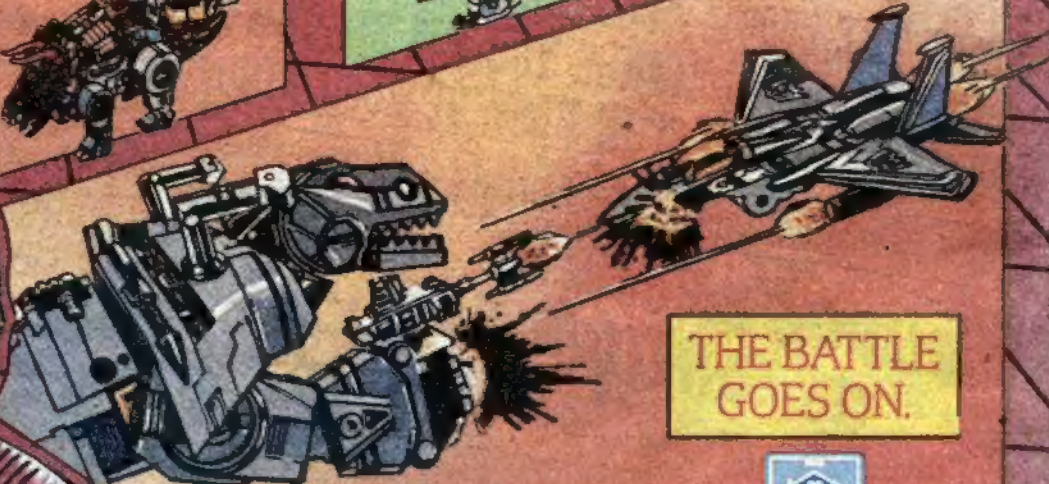
GRIMLOCK, THE MERCILESS DINOBOT COMMANDER. HAS FEAR-SOME JAWS AND GREAT COURAGE.



SLAG, MEAN AND NASTY. ALWAYS IN A BAD MOOD. ALWAYS CAUSING TROUBLE.



SNARL, THE MIGHTY DESERT WARRIOR. HE'S ONLY HAPPY WHEN HE'S FIGHTING.



**THE BATTLE
GOES ON.**

**LOOK OUT FOR THE DINOBOTS.
THEY'RE IN THE SHOPS NOW!**



WOLFGANG
BERGMEYER